No. 3. PRICE SIXPENCE. DECEMBER 15.

The Last Chronicle of Barset

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

With Illustrations by G. H. Thomas

SMITH, ELDER, & Co.
65. CORNHILL.
E.C

JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A

[The right of Translation is reserved.]

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S W

READINGS :
Miss M. Lindsay's
composer, "The
, "Liquid Gem,"
Aroon," "Fading
s.; and Stephen
3s. each; all at
gton Street, and

Performed
s each. London:

ies included.
Nos. 45 and 46,

f the day.
i, Perfumers
estores the
roperties of
pplication
timonials
seen on

o any
asing

ne

Just ready, a Cheaper Edition, in One Volume, demy 8vo, price 12*s.*, cloth, with Forty Illustrations.

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER.

Just published, a Cheaper Edition, in One Volume, price 12*s.*, with Thirty-nine Illustrations by J. E. MILLAIS,

ORLEY FARM.

Just published, a Cheap Edition, price 6*s.*, with Illustrated Title and Front

MISS MACKENZIE.

Fifth and Cheaper Edition, in One Volume, post 8vo, cloth, price 6*s.*,

NORTH AMERICA.

Just ready. Sixth Edition, post 8vo, cloth, price 6*s.*

WEST INDIES AND THE SPANISH MAIN.

CONTENTS.

Jamaica.—Town.
Jamaica.—Black Men.
Jamaica.—White Men.
Jamaica.—Government.
Trinidad.
Jamaica.—Country.
Jamaica.—Coloured Men.
Jamaica.—Sugar.
Barbadoes.
Isthmus of Panama, &c. &c.

"Mr. Trollope is better than he seems. He manages to do pleasantly whatever he attempts; but his real object in writing the present work is a serious one, and we have to thank him for a most valuable contribution to our books of travel. If by means of Mr. Trollope's pleasant pages attention is turned to these Islands, and some encouragement is afforded to our planters, the author may regard his book of travels as the mo useful, if not the most brilliant volume which he has yet published."—THE TIMES.

CHEAP EDITION OF

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S POPULAR NOVELS.

Price 2*s.*, picture boards.

THE BERTRAMS. Sixth Edition.

DOCTOR THORNE. Eighth Edition.

THE KELLYS AND THE O'KELLYS. Fifth Edition.

CASTLE RICHMOND Fourth Edition.

THE MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLORAN. Third Edition.

RACHEL RAY. Eighth Edition.

TALES OF ALL COUNTRIES. Third Edition.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
Sold by all Booksellers, and at the Railway Stations.

LETTS, SON, & Co., 8, ROYAL EXCHANGE,

having erected extensive premises at NEW CROSS, undertake the Printing of BOOKS, CATALOGUES, SHOW CARDS, PERIODICALS, &c., in English, or the Native Characters of most Foreign Languages, at as reasonable prices as are consistent with good workmanship.

TTS's NEW CROSS STEAM PRINTING WORKS

. ARE
PRINTERS,
T BOOK MAKERS,
VERS AND LITHOGRAPHERS,
NE RULERS AND HOTPRESSERS,
-MOUNTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

w Cross Printing Works, & 3, OLD SWAN LANE, E.C.

LETTS'S DIARIES FOR 1867 are adapted to all classes of society, being published in 100 different forms, at prices varying from **6 pence to 6 pounds** each. All Booksellers keep them, and will supply Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogues.

LETTS'S DIARIES.

Before you purchase your Christmas Presents, remember that one combining use with elegance is sure to be the most appreciated. Any bookseller will provide you with a Catalogue, and show you a variety of **LETTS'S DIARIES FOR 1867**, in Leather, Velvet, &c.

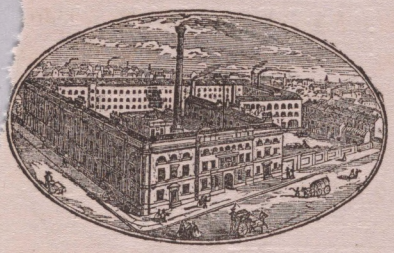
BY ROYAL COMMAND
METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN.

JOSEPH GILLOTT

Respectfully directs the attention of the Commercial Public, and of all who use Steel Pens, to the incomparable excellence of his productions, which for Quality of Material, Easy Action, and Great Durability, will ensure universal preference.

EVERY PACKET BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE OF HIS SIGNATURE.

Jos. Gillott



VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

They can be obtained, retail, of every dealer in the world; wholesale at the Works, Graham Street, Birmingham; and at the Branch Establishments, 91, John Street, New York; and 37, Gracechurch Street, London, E. C.

MUSIC SUNG AT THE VILLAGE CONCERTS AND PENNY READINGS: "God Bless the Prince of Wales," 3*s.*; do., four voices, 2*d.*; do. for men's voices, 2*d.* Miss M. Lindsay's (Mrs. J. W. Bliss) "Excelsior," 3*s.*; do., for two or three voices, 3*s.*; also, by the same composer, "The Bridge," and "Home they Brought her Warrior Dead," each 3*s.* Mr. Wrighton's ballad, "Liquid Gem," 3*s.* Abt's songs: "Oh! ye Tears," "Ever Thine," "My Early Home," and his "Kathleen Aroon," "Fading Away," "I built a Bridge of Fancies," "Jenny, or Maid of the Mill," each 2*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.*; and Stephen Glover's vocal duets, "Over the Waves we Float," and "What are the Wild Waves saying," 3*s.* each; all at half price, with an extra stamp for postage. London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street, and all Musicsellers.

HELENA WALTZ, for Piano, Solo, and Duets, and a Quadrille Band. Performed thirteen consecutive nights at Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts. Free by Post for 26 stamps each. London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street.

PURE BEAUJOLAIS, 18*s.* and 20*s.* per dozen. Sound Claret 14*s.*, bottles included. Forwarded carriage free by JOHN RICHARD WACE & Co., Wine Importers, &c., Nos. 45 and 46, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—The greatest and most useful Invention of the day. AGUA AMARELLA.—Messrs. JOHN GOSNELL & Co., 93, Upper Thames Street, London, Perfumers to Her Majesty, respectfully offer to the public this truly marvellous fluid, which gradually restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. The Agua Amarella has none of the properties of dyes; it, on the contrary, is beneficial to the system, and when the hair is once restored, one application per month will keep it in perfect colour. Price One Guinea per bottle, or in half-bottles, 10*s.* 6*d.* Testimonials from artistes of the highest order, and from individuals of undoubted respectability, may be seen on application.

JOHN GOSNELL & Co.'s CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* per pot. Sold by all respectable chemists and perfumers.

JOHN GOSNELL & Co.'s LA NOBLESSE PERFUME.—A most delicate perfume of exquisite fragrance.

JOHN GOSNELL & Co.'s LA NOBLESSE POMADE.—Elegantly perfumed, and highly recommended for beautifying and promoting the growth of the hair.

JOHN GOSNELL & Co.'s LA NOBLESSE SOAP.—Esteemed for its unequalled perfume and fine emollient qualities.

JOHN GOSNELL & Co., Perfumers by Appointment to H. R. H. the PRINCESS of WALES, &c., RED BULL WHARF, 93, UPPER THAMES STREET, LONDON, E.C., late of 12, Three Kings Court, Lombard Street.

Just published, price 6*d.*, by post for seven stamps,

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANACK FOR 1867.

This surpasses all its predecessors in design, colouring, and finish. It is a perfect gem for the pocket-book or writing-desk.

SOLD BY ALL THE TRADE.

RIMMEL, Perfumer to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,

96, Strand; 128, Regent-street; and 24, Cornhill, London; and 17, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—A NEW GAME.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—SOLD EVERYWHERE.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—PRICE 3*s.* 6*d.* AND 5*s.*

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—POST-FREE 3*s.* 8*d.* AND 5*s.* 2*d.*

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—PUBLISHED BY EVANS AND SONS, 114, 115, AND 116, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

THE QUEEN.—A NEW GAME.

THE QUEEN.—SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE QUEEN.—PRICE 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE QUEEN.—POST-FREE 3*s.* 8*d.*

THE QUEEN.—PUBLISHED BY EVANS AND SONS, 114, 115, AND 116, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

NEW AND STANDARD WORKS

SUITABLE FOR

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND SCHOOL PRIZES.

Life of Michael Angelo. By Herman Grimm. Translated by F. E. Bunnett. With Photographic Portrait from the Picture in the Vatican. Second Edition. Two vols. Post 8vo. 24*s.*

Raphael: His Life and His Works. By Alfred Baron Von Wolzogen. Translated by F. E. Bunnett. With Photographic Portrait. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

The Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc, called "The Maid." By Harriet Parr. With Portrait. Two vols. Crown 8vo. 16*s.*

In the Silver Age. By Harriet Parr. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

*** *Library Edition in Two Volumes, Crown 8vo. With Two Illustrations, price* 12*s.*

The Life of Goethe. By George Henry Lewes. New Edition, partly Re-written. One vol. 8vo. With Portrait. 16*s.*

Aristotle; a Chapter from the History of Science. *With Analyses of Aristotle's Scientific Writings.* By George Henry Lewes. Demy 8vo. 15*s.*

William Hogarth; Painter, Engraver, and Philosopher. Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time. By George Augustus Sala. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Edited by His Eldest Son. With Portrait. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by His Eldest Son. With Photographic Portrait. Two vols. Post 8vo. 24*s.*

Life of Charlotte Bronte. By Mrs. Gaskell. With Portrait. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

*** *Cheaper Edition, Fcap. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges,* 3*s.* 6*d.; half morocco,* 6*s.*

A Century of Painters of the English School. With Critical Notices of their Works, and an Account of the Progress of Art in England. By Richard Redgrave, R.A., (Surveyor of Her Majesty's Pictures, and Inspector-General for Art,) and Samuel Redgrave. Two vols. Demy 8vo. 32*s.*

The Inferno of Dante. Translated in the Metre of the Original. By the Rev. James Ford, M.A., Prebendary of Exeter. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

(The Italian Text is printed on the opposite pages of the Translation for the Use of Students.

The Early Italian Poets. From Ciullo D'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri. (1100, 1200, 1300.) Together with Dante's "Vita Nuova." Translated by D. G. Rossetti. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

NEW AND STANDARD WORKS—continued.

Modern Painters. By John Ruskin, M.A. Complete in Five Volumes. Imperial 8vo. With Eighty-seven Engravings on Steel, and Two Hundred and Sixteen on Wood, chiefly from Drawings by the Author. With Index to the whole Work. 8*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

Each Volume may be had Separately.

Vol. I. Of General Principles and of Truth. Sixth Edition. 18*s.*
Vol. II. Of the Imaginative and Theoretic Faculties. Fourth Edition. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Vol. III. Of Many Things. With Eighteen Illustrations drawn by the Author, and engraved on Steel. 38*s.*
Vol. IV. On Mountain Beauty. With Thirty-five Illustrations engraved on Steel, and 116 Woodcuts, drawn by the Author. 2*l.* 10*s.*
Vol. V. Of Leaf Beauty; of Cloud Beauty; of Ideas of Relation. With Thirty-four Engravings on Steel, and 100 on Wood. With Index to the Five Volumes. 2*l.* 10*s.*

The Stones of Venice. By John Ruskin, M.A. Complete in Three Volumes, Imperial 8vo. With Fifty-three Plates and numerous Woodcuts, drawn by the Author.

Each Volume may be had Separately.

Vol. I. The Foundations. With Twenty-one Plates. 42*s.*
Vol. II. The Sea Stories. With Twenty Plates. 42*s.*
Vol. III. The Fall. With Twelve Plates. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Seven Lamps of Architecture. By John Ruskin, M.A. With Fourteen Plates drawn by the Author. Second Edition. Imp. 8vo. 21*s.*

Lectures on Architecture and Painting. By John Ruskin, M.A. With Fourteen Cuts, drawn by the Author. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Elements of Drawing, in Three Letters to Beginners. By John Ruskin, M.A. With Illustrations drawn by the Author. Seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Two Paths: Being Lectures on Art, and its Relation to Manufactures and Decoration. By John Ruskin, M.A. With Two Steel Engravings. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Crown of Wild Olive: Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. By John Ruskin, M.A. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges. 5*s.*

The Ethics of the Dust: Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization. By John Ruskin, M.A. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Sesame and Lilies; Two Lectures. I. Of Kings' Treasuries. II. Of Queens' Gardens. By John Ruskin, M.A. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges. 3*s.* 6*d.*

NEW AND STANDARD WORKS—continued.

Life and Letters of the late Rev. Fred. W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., late Chaplain to H.B.M.'s Embassy at Berlin. With Photographic and Steel Portraits. Fourth Edition. Two vols. Crown 8vo. 25*s.*

Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton. By the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson.

First Series.	Fifteenth Edition.	Post 8vo.	9*s.*
Second Series.	Thirteenth Edition.	Post 8vo.	9*s.*
Third Series.	Thirteenth Edition.	Post 8vo.	With Portrait. 9*s.*
Fourth Series.	Fourth Edition.	Post 8vo.	9*s.*

Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. By the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. Fifth Edition. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics. By the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 5*s.*

An Analysis of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.*

The Soul's Exodus and Pilgrimage. By the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Home Life in the Light of its Divine Idea. By the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

The Mystery of Pain. A Book for the Sorrowful. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Conflict of Good and Evil in our Day. By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

The History and Life of the Rev. Doctor John Tauler, of Strasbourg; with Twenty-five of his Sermons (*temp.* 1340). Translated from the German, with Additional Notices of Tauler's Life and Times, by Susanna Winkworth; and a Preface, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. Fcap. 4to. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*; calf extra, 12*s.* 6*d.*; calf antique, 14*s.*; morocco, 17*s.* 6*d.*

Scripture Lands in Connection with their History: With an Appendix, and Extracts from a Journal kept during an Eastern Tour in 1856-57. Second Edition, with a Map. By G. S. Drew, M.A., Author of "Reasons of Faith," &c. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Shakespeare Commentaries. By Professor Gervinus. Translated by F. E. Bunnett. Two vols. Demy 8vo. 24*s.*

On Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible. With Vignette Illustrations. Second Edition, Enlarged. Crown 8vo. Elegantly bound, 6*s.*; with Gilt Edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*

NEW AND STANDARD WORKS—continued.

Shakspeare: His Birthplace and its Neighbourhood. By John R. Wise. With Twenty-two Illustrations by W. J. Linton. Crown 8vo. Printed on Tinted Paper, and Handsomely Bound in Ornamental Cloth, gilt edges. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Our Old Home. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With a Photographic Portrait. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

Idylls from the Sanskrit. By Ralph T. H. Griffith, M.A. Fcap. 4to, cloth gilt edges. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Companions of my Solitude. By the Author of "Friends in Council," &c. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Life in Nature. By James Hinton. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Man and His Dwelling Place. An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. By James Hinton. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

On Life and Death. Four Lectures, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By William S. Savory, F.R.S., Assistant-Surgeon to, and Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at, St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

The Book of Were-Wolves. Being an Account of a Terrible Superstition. By Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Iceland; Its Scenes and Sagas. By Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A. With Thirty-five Illustrations and a Map. Royal 8vo, elegantly bound, gilt edges. 10*s.* 6*d.*

A History of Persia from the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century to the Year 1858. With a Review of the Principal Events that led to the establishment of the Kajar Dynasty. By Robert Grant Watson, formerly attached to her Majesty's Legation at the Court of Persia. Demy 8vo. 15*s.*

Journal of a Diplomate's Three Years' Residence in Persia. By E. B. Eastwick, Esq., late H.M.'s Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Tehran. Two vols. Post 8vo. 18*s.*

Our Tropical Possessions in Malayan India. Being a Descriptive Account of Singapore, Penang, Province Wellesley, and Malacca; their Peoples, Products, Commerce, and Government. With Seven Coloured Illustrations. By John Cameron, Esq., F.R.G.S. 8vo. 16*s.*

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S NEW NOVELS.

1. Gemma. By T. A. TROLLOPE. Three vols. Post 8vo. *This day.*

2. Played Out. By Miss ANNIE THOMAS. Three vols. Post 8vo. *This day.*

3. Idalia. A Love Story. By ONIDA. Three vols. Post 8vo. *Dec.* 10.

4. Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By CHARLES READE. Three vols. Post 8vo. *Second Edition.*

"The whole story, from first to last, from the first plot of the low intriguante who falls in love with Gaunt's massive figure, to the meeting between the two wives, is a rare example of that chastity of art which can be naked, intentionally naked, and yet pure. . . . We do not hesitate to pronounce *Griffith Gaunt* a noble, though somewhat rugged, poem in prose."—*Spectator.*

5. Sweet Seventeen. A Home and Colonial Story. By ARTHUR LOCKER. Three vols. Post 8vo. *Second Edition. In the Press.*

"There is scarcely any variety of the genus novel which, if good of its kind, will fail to command readers; and there must certainly be a good many persons who are weary of meeting people in books from whose society they would shrink in real life—accomplished forgers, beautiful murderesses, and 'sic like cattle,'—and who would rather read a quieter book, provided the characters were people of decent reputation. . . . Now, we think we can promise those readers who are satiated with crime, and who feel that newspapers supply heartrending incidents enough, without having such incidents repeated in the pages of fiction,—we think we can promise such people that they will meet very good company in the novel now before us. . . . Our judgment then, is, that this is a very good novel, with only one fault—it is rather too long; but that, in the eyes of readers interested in the story, will, perhaps, be a merit."—*Times.*

6. Only George. A Story. Two vols. Post 8vo. *Second Edition.*

"It is written with extreme delicacy and good taste, several of the characters are hit off cleverly. There are a number of sayings, terse, lively, and sensible, scattered up and down its pages. In a word, it is very pleasant reading. . . . On the whole, then, if the reader wants to be amused with a bright, lively book, which he may get through easily at a couple of sittings, we can safely recommend *Only George* to his notice."—*Times.*

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLARA VAUGHAN."

Three vols. Post 8vo. At all Libraries.

Cradock Nowell: A Tale of the New Forest. By R. D. BLACKMORE.

"*Cradock Nowell* is a clever novel, decidedly original in style and mode of treatment: it is amusing too, and the reader who once fairly enters upon it will hardly fail to read it through. There are some excellent descriptions of forest scenery, and a storm at sea with the wreck of a ship, which are very powerfully given."—*Athenæum.*

A Prodigy: A Tale of Music. By H. F. CHORLEY. Three vols. Post 8vo.

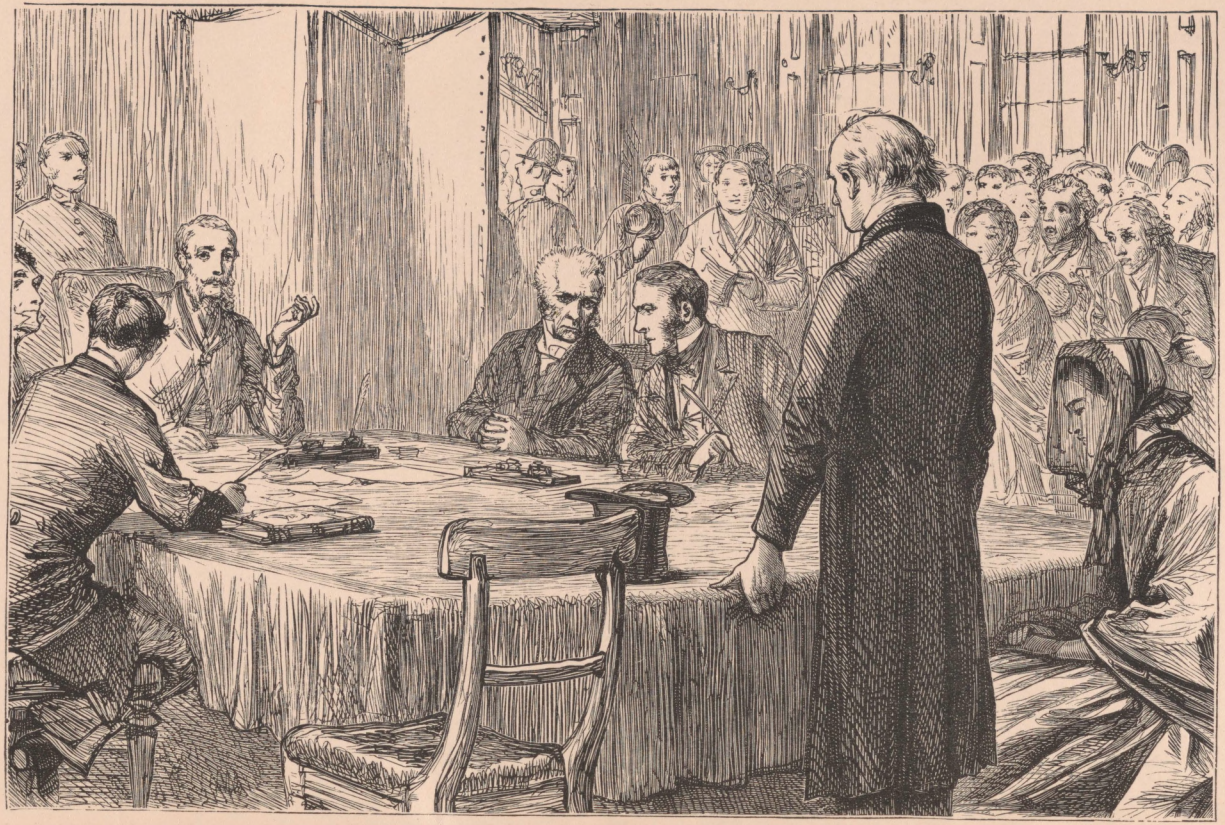
"In our opinion Mr. Chorley's last work is decidedly his best—is more natural in thought, more ripe in scholarship, more genial and more attractive, than anything we have yet welcomed from his pen."—*Court Journal.*

THE NEW STORY.

Second Edition. Post 8vo. Price 8*s.*

Aunt Margaret's Trouble. By A NEW WRITER.

"After wading through the ordinary novels of the season, after learning to what depths of dulness and folly the human intellect can descend, and wondering at the hideous pictures of vice or inanity which men and women can paint as representations of human life, it is positive mental refreshment to come across such a book as *Aunt Margaret's Trouble*, which for pathos and idyllic tenderness may compete with even the best novel of the day. It has nothing of the grandeur of high art about it; it has nothing of heroic tragedy nor of stately romance, still less of sensationalism; it is absolutely free from all deadly crimes, from all monstrous vices, from all maddening mysteries; being just a quiet story of selfishness on the one hand, and of love betrayed on the other, with the retribution sure to follow upon wrong as the moral justice done at the end. Yet it is a charming book, and worth half a hundred fictions of the more ambitious and elaborate kind.—In the first work of a new and young writer we have to consider, not only the ability it displays or more remotely indicates, but also the cast of mind shown in the work. Thus, if a new book is all about illicit love and the slangy talk of fast men . . . we know at once what manner of author we have to deal with. But if the book be sweet and modest, as this is, we know then that, whatever may be the strength or weakness of the future, we shall never be revolted by licentiousness, nor shocked by coarseness . . . we shall at least have pure work, and decent, and sorrow gently touched, and sinfulness dealt with as sinfulness should be dealt with in life—tenderly and yet abhorrently."—*Saturday Review.*



Mr. Crawley before the Magistrates.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS PRETTYMAN'S PRIVATE ROOM.

MAJOR GRANTLY, when threatened by his father with pecuniary punishment, should he demean himself by such a marriage as that he had proposed to himself, had declared that he would offer his hand to Miss Crawley on the next morning. This, however, he had not done. He had not done it, partly because he did not quite believe his father's threat, and partly because he felt that that threat was almost justified,—for the present moment,—by the circumstances in which Grace Crawley's father had placed himself. Henry Grantly acknowleged, as he drove himself home on the morning after his dinner at the rectory, that in this matter of his marriage he did owe much to his family. Should he marry at all, he owed it to them to marry a lady. And Grace Crawley,—so he told himself,—was a lady. And he owed it to them to bring among them as his wife a woman who should not disgrace him or them by her education, manners, or even by her personal appearance. In all these respects Grace Crawley was, in his judgment, quite as good as they had a right to expect her to be, and in some respects a great deal superior to that type of womanhood with which they had been most generally conversant. "If everybody had her due, my sister isn't fit to hold a candle to her," he said to himself. It must be acknowledged, therefore, that he was really in love with Grace Crawley; and he declared to himself, over and over again, that his family had no right to demand that he should marry a woman with money. The archdeacon's son by no means despised money. How could he, having

come forth as a bird fledged from such a nest as the rectory at Plumstead Episcopi? Before he had been brought by his better nature and true judgment to see that Grace Crawley was the greater woman of the two, he had nearly submitted himself to the twenty thousand pounds of Miss Emily Dunstable,—to that, and her good-humour and rosy freshness combined. But he regarded himself as the well-to-do son of a very rich father. His only child was amply provided for; and he felt that, as regarded money, he had a right to do as he pleased. He felt this with double strength after his father's threat.

But he had no right to make a marriage by which his family would be disgraced. Whether he was right or wrong in supposing that he would disgrace his family were he to marry the daughter of a convicted thief, it is hardly necessary to discuss here. He told himself that it would be so,—telling himself also that, by the stern laws of the world, the son and the daughter must pay for the offence of the father and the mother. Even among the poor, who would willingly marry the child of a man who had been hanged? But he carried the argument beyond this, thinking much of the matter, and endeavouring to think of it not only justly, but generously. If the accusation against Crawley were false,—if the man were being injured by an unjust charge,—even if he, Grantly, could make himself think that the girl's father had not stolen the money, then he would dare everything and go on. I do not know that his argument was good, or that his mind was logical in the matter. He ought to have felt that his own judgment as to the man's guilt was less likely to be correct than that of those whose duty it was and would be to form and to express a judgment on the matter; and as to Grace herself, she was equally innocent whether her father were guilty or not guilty. If he were to be debarred from asking her for her hand by his feelings for her father and mother, he should hardly have trusted to his own skill in ascertaining the real truth as to the alleged theft. But he was not logical, and thus, meaning to be generous, he became unjust.

He found that among those in Silverbridge whom he presumed to be best informed on such matters, there was a growing opinion that Mr. Crawley had stolen the money. He was intimate with all the Walkers, and was able to find out that Mrs. Walker knew that her husband believed in the clergyman's guilt. He was by no means alone in his willingness to accept Mr. Walker's opinion as the true opinion. Silverbridge, generally, was endeavouring to dress itself in Mr. Walker's glass, and to believe as Mr. Walker believed. The ladies of Silverbridge, including the Miss Prettymans, were aware that Mr. Walker had been very

kind both to Mr. and Mrs. Crawley, and argued from this that Mr. Walker must think the man to be innocent. But Henry Grantly, who did not dare to ask a direct question of the solicitor, went cunningly to work, and closeted himself with Mrs. Walker,—with Mrs. Walker, who knew well of the good fortune which was hovering over Grace's head and was so nearly settling itself upon her shoulders. She would have given a finger to be able to whitewash Mr. Crawley in the major's estimation. Nor must it be supposed that she told the major in plain words that her husband had convinced himself of the man's guilt. In plain words no question was asked between them, and in plain words no opinion was expressed. But there was the look of sorrow in the woman's eye, there was the absence of reference to her husband's assurance that the man was innocent, there was the air of settled grief which told of her own conviction; and the major left her, convinced that Mrs. Walker believed Mr. Crawley to be guilty.

Then he went to Barchester; not open-mouthed with inquiry, but rather with open ears, and it seemed to him that all men in Barchester were of one mind. There was a county-club in Barchester, and at this county-club nine men out of every ten were talking about Mr. Crawley. It was by no means necessary that a man should ask questions on the subject. Opinion was expressed so freely that no such asking was required; and opinion in Barchester,—at any rate in the county-club,—seemed now to be all of one mind. There had been every disposition at first to believe Mr. Crawley to be innocent. He had been believed to be innocent, even after he had said wrongly that the cheque had been paid to him by Mr. Soames; but he had since stated that he had received it from Dean Arabin, and that statement was also shown to be false. A man who has a cheque changed on his own behalf is bound at least to show where he got the cheque. Mr. Crawley had not only failed to do this, but had given two false excuses. Henry Grantly, as he drove home to Silverbridge on the Sunday afternoon, summed up all the evidence in his own mind, and brought in a verdict of Guilty against the father of the girl whom he loved.

On the following morning he walked into Silverbridge and called at Miss Prettyman's house. As he went along his heart was warmer towards Grace than it had ever been before. He had told himself that he was now bound to abstain, for his father's sake, from doing that which he had told his father that he would certainly do. But he knew also, that he had said that which, though it did not bind him to Miss Crawley, gave her a right to expect that he would so bind himself. And Miss Prettyman could not but be aware of what his intention had

been, and could not but expect that he should now be explicit. Had he been a wise man altogether, he would probably have abstained from saying anything at the present moment,—a wise man, that is, in the ways and feelings of the world in such matters. But, as there are men who will allow themselves all imaginable latitude in their treatment of women, believing that the world will condone any amount of fault of that nature, so are there other men, and a class of men which on the whole is the more numerous of the two, who are tremblingly alive to the danger of censure on this head,—and to the danger of censure not only from others, but from themselves also. Major Grantly had done that which made him think it imperative upon him to do something further, and to do that something at once.

Therefore he started off on the Monday morning after breakfast and walked to Silverbridge, and as he walked he built various castles in the air. Why should he not marry Grace,—if she would have him,—and take her away beyond the reach of her father's calamity? Why should he not throw over his own people altogether, money, position, society, and all, and give himself up to love? Were he to do so, men might say that he was foolish, but no one could hint that he was dishonourable. His spirit was high enough to teach him to think that such conduct on his part would have in it something of magnificence; but, yet, such was not his purpose. In going to Miss Prettyman it was his intention to apologize for not doing this magnificent thing. His mind was quite made up. Nevertheless he built those castles in the air.

It so happened that he encountered the younger Miss Prettyman in the hall. It would not at all have suited him to reveal to her the purport of his visit, or ask her either to assist his suit or to receive his apologies. Miss Anne Prettyman was too common a personage in the Silverbridge world to be fit for such employment. Miss Anne Prettyman was, indeed, herself submissive to him, and treated him with the courtesy which is due to a superior being. He therefore simply asked her whether he could be allowed to see her sister.

"Surely, Major Grantly;—that is, I think so. It is a little early, but I think she can receive you."

"It is early, I know; but as I want to say a word or two on business ——"

"Oh, on business. I am sure she will see you on business; she will only be too proud. If you will be kind enough to step in here for two minutes." Then Miss Anne, having deposited the major in the little parlour, ran upstairs with her message to her sister. "Of course it's about Grace Crawley," she said to herself as she went. "It can't

be about anything else. I wonder what it is he's going to say. If he's going to pop, and the father in all this trouble, he's the finest fellow that ever trod." Such were her thoughts as she tapped at the door and announced in the presence of Grace that there was somebody in the hall.

"It's Major Grantly," whispered Anne, as soon as Grace had shut the door behind her.

"So I supposed by your telling her not to go into the hall. What has he come to say?"

"How on earth can I tell you that, Annabella? But I suppose he can have only one thing to say after all that has come and gone. He can only have come with one object."

"He wouldn't have come to me for that. He would have asked to see herself."

"But she never goes out now, and he can't see her."

"Or he would have gone to them over at Hogglestock," said Miss Prettyman. "But of course he must come up now he is here. Would you mind telling him? or shall I ring the bell?"

"I'll tell him. We need not make more fuss than necessary, with the servants, you know. I suppose I'd better not come back with him?"

There was a tone of supplication in the younger sister's voice as she made the last suggestion, which ought to have melted the heart of the elder; but it was unavailing. "As he has asked to see me, I think you had better not," said Annabella. Miss Anne Prettyman bore her cross meekly, offered no argument on the subject, and returning to the little parlour where she had left the major, brought him upstairs and ushered him into her sister's room without even entering it again, herself.

Major Grantly was as intimately acquainted with Miss Anne Prettyman as a man under thirty may well be with a lady nearer fifty than forty, who is not specially connected with him by any family tie; but of Miss Prettyman he knew personally very much less. Miss Prettyman, as has before been said, did not go out, and was therefore not common to the eyes of the Silverbridgians. She did occasionally see her friends in her own house, and Grace Crawley's lover, as the major had come to be called, had been there on more than one occasion; but of real personal intimacy between them there had hitherto existed none. He might have spoken, perhaps, a dozen words to her in his life. He had now more than a dozen to speak to her, but he hardly knew how to commence them.

She had got up and curtseyed, and had then taken his hand and asked him to sit down. "My sister tells me that you want to see me," she said, in her softest, mildest voice.

"I do, Miss Prettyman. I want to speak to you about a matter that troubles me very much,—very much indeed."

"Anything that I can do, Major Grantly ——"

"Thank you, yes. I know that you are very good, or I should not have ventured to come to you. Indeed I shouldn't trouble you now, of course, if it was only about myself. I know very well what a great friend you are to Miss Crawley."

"Yes, I am. We love Grace dearly here."

"So do I," said the major, bluntly; "I love her dearly, too." Then he paused, as though he thought that Miss Prettyman ought to take up the speech. But Miss Prettyman seemed to think differently, and he was obliged to go on. "I don't know whether you have ever heard about it, or noticed it, or—or—or ——" He felt that he was very awkward, and he blushed. Major as he was, he blushed as he sat before the old woman, trying to tell his story, but not knowing how to tell it. "The truth is, Miss Prettyman, I have done all but ask her to be my wife, and now has come this terrible affair about her father."

"It is a terrible affair, Major Grantly; very terrible."

"By Jove, you may say that!"

"Of course Mr. Crawley is as innocent in the matter as you or I are."

"You think so, Miss Prettyman?"

"Think so! I feel quite sure of it. What; a clergyman of the Church of England, a pious, hard-working country clergyman, whom we have known among us by his good works for years, suddenly turn thief, and pilfer a few pounds! It is not possible, Major Grantly. And the father of such a daughter, too! It is not possible. It may do for men of business to think so, lawyers and such like, who are obliged to think in accordance with the evidence, as they call it; but to my mind the idea is monstrous. I don't know how he got it, and I don't care; but I'm quite sure he did not steal it. Whoever heard of anybody becoming so base as that all at once?"

The major was startled by her eloquence, and by the indignant tone of voice in which it was expressed. It seemed to tell him that she would give him no sympathy in that which he had come to say to her, and to upbraid him already in that he was not prepared to do the magnificent thing of which he had thought when he had been building his castles in the air. Why should he not do the magnificent thing? Miss Prettyman's eloquence was so strong that it half convinced him that the Barchester Club and Mr. Walker had come to a wrong conclusion after all.

"And how does Miss Crawley bear it?" he asked, desirous of postponing for a while any declaration of his own purpose.

"She is very unhappy, of course. Not that she thinks evil of her father."

"Of course she does not think him guilty."

"Nobody thinks him so in this house, Major Grantly," said the little woman, very imperiously. "But Grace is, naturally enough, very sad; —very sad indeed. I do not think I can ask you to see her to-day."

"I was not thinking of it," said the major.

"Poor, dear girl! it is a great trial for her. Do you wish me to give her any message, Major Grantly?"

The moment had now come in which he must say that which he had come to say. The little woman waited for an answer, and as he was there, within her power as it were, he must speak. I fear that what he said will not be approved by any strong-minded reader. I fear that our lover will henceforth be considered by such a one as being but a weak, wishy-washy man, who had hardly any mind of his own to speak of;—that he was a man of no account, as the poor people say. "Miss Prettyman, what message ought I to send to her?" he said.

"Nay, Major Grantly, how can I tell you that? How can I put words into your mouth?"

"It isn't the words," he said; "but the feelings?"

"And how can I tell the feelings of your heart?"

"Oh, as for that, I know what my feelings are. I do love her with all my heart;—I do, indeed. A fortnight ago I was only thinking whether she would accept me when I asked her,—wondering whether I was too old for her, and whether she would mind having Edith to take care of."

"She is very fond of Edith,—very fond indeed."

"Is she?" said the major, more distracted than ever. Why should he not do the magnificent thing after all? "But it is a great charge for a young girl when she marries."

"It is a great charge;—a very great charge. It is for you to think whether you should entrust so great a charge to one so young."

"I have no fear about that at all."

"Nor should I have any,—as you ask me. We have known Grace well, thoroughly, and are quite sure that she will do her duty in that state of life to which it may please God to call her."

The major was aware when this was said to him that he had not come to Miss Prettyman for a character of the girl he loved; and yet he was not angry at receiving it. He was neither angry, nor even

indifferent. He accepted the character almost gratefully, though he felt that he was being led away from his purpose. He consoled himself for this, however, by remembering that the path by which Miss Prettyman was now leading him, led to the magnificent, and to those pleasant castles in the air which he had been building as he walked into Silverbridge. "I am quite sure that she is all that you say," he replied. "Indeed I had made up my mind about that long ago."

"And what can I do for you, Major Grantly?"

"You think I ought not to see her?"

"I will ask herself, if you please. I have such trust in her judgment that I should leave her altogether to her own discretion."

The magnificent thing must be done, and the major made up his mind accordingly. Something of regret came over his spirit as he thought of a father-in-law disgraced and degraded, and of his own father broken-hearted. But now there was hardly an alternative left to him. And was it not the manly thing for him to do? He had loved the girl before this trouble had come upon her, and was he not bound to accept the burden which his love had brought with it? "I will see her," he said, "at once, if you will let me, and ask her to be my wife. But I must see her alone."

Then Miss Prettyman paused. Hitherto she had undoubtedly been playing her fish cautiously, or rather her young friend's fish,—perhaps I may say cunningly. She had descended to artifice on behalf of the girl whom she loved, admired, and pitied. She had seen some way into the man's mind, and had been partly aware of his purpose,—of his infirmity of purpose, of his double purpose. She had perceived that a word from her might help Grace's chance, and had led the man on till he had committed himself, at any rate to her. In doing this she had been actuated by friendship rather than by abstract principle. But now, when the moment had come in which she must decide upon some action, she paused. Was it right, for the sake of either of them, that an offer of marriage should be made at such a moment as this? It might be very well, in regard to some future time, that the major should have so committed himself. She saw something of the man's spirit, and believed that, having gone so far,—having so far told his love, he would return to his love hereafter, let the result of the Crawley trial be what it might. But,—but, this could be no proper time for love-making. Though Grace loved the man, as Miss Prettyman knew well,—though Grace loved the child, having allowed herself to long to call it her own, though such a marriage would be the making of Grace's fortune as those

who loved her could hardly have hoped that it should ever have been made, she would certainly refuse the man, if he were to propose to her now. She would refuse him, and then the man would be free;—free to change his mind if he thought fit. Considering all these things, craftily in the exercise of her friendship, too cunningly, I fear, to satisfy the claims of a high morality, she resolved that the major had better not see Miss Crawley at the present moment. Miss Prettyman paused before she replied, and, when she did speak, Major Grantly had risen from his chair and was standing with his back to the fire. "Major Grantly," she said, "you shall see her if you please, and if she pleases; but I doubt whether her answer at such a moment as this would be that which you would wish to receive."

"You think she would refuse me."

"I do not think that she would accept you now. She would feel,—I am sure she would feel, that these hours of her father's sorrow are not hours in which love should be either offered or accepted. You shall, however, see her if you please."

The major allowed himself a moment for thought; and as he thought he sighed. Grace Crawley became more beautiful in his eyes than ever, was endowed by these words from Miss Prettyman with new charms and brighter virtues than he had seen before. Let come what might he would ask her to be his wife on some future day, if he did not so ask her now. For the present, perhaps, he had better be guided by Miss Prettyman. "Then I will not see her," he said.

"I think that will be the wiser course."

"Of course you knew before this that I—loved her?"

"I thought so, Major Grantly."

"And that I intended to ask her to be my wife?"

"Well; since you put the question to me so plainly, I must confess that as Grace's friend I should not quite have let things go on as they have gone,—though I am not at all disposed to interfere with any girl whom I believe to be pure and good as I know her to be,—but still I should hardly have been justified in letting things go as they have gone, if I had not believed that such was your purpose."

"I wanted to set myself right with you, Miss Prettyman."

"You are right with me,—quite right;" and she got up and gave him her hand. "You are a fine, noble-hearted gentleman, and I hope that our Grace may live to be your happy wife, and the mother of your darling child, and the mother of other children. I do not see how a woman could have a happier lot in life."

"And will you give Grace my love?"

"I will tell her at any rate that you have been here, and that you have inquired after her with the greatest kindness. She will understand what that means without any word of love."

"Can I do anything for her,—or for her father; I mean in the way of—money? I don't mind mentioning it to you, Miss Prettyman."

"I will tell her that you are ready to do it, if anything can be done. For myself I feel no doubt that the mystery will be cleared up at last; and then, if you will come here, we shall be so glad to see you.—I shall, at least."

Then the major went, and Miss Prettyman herself actually descended with him into the hall, and bade him farewell most affectionately before her sister and two of the maids who came out to open the door. Miss Anne Prettyman, when she saw the great friendship with which the major was dismissed, could not contain herself, but asked most impudent questions, in a whisper indeed, but in such a whisper that any sharp-eared maid-servant could hear and understand them. "Is it settled," she asked when her sister had ascended only the first flight of stairs;—"has he popped?" The look with which the elder sister punished and dismayed the younger, I would not have borne for twenty pounds. She simply looked, and said nothing, but passed on. When she had regained her room she rang the bell, and desired the servant to ask Miss Crawley to be good enough to step to her. Poor Miss Anne retired discomforted into the solitude of one of the lower rooms, and sat for some minutes all alone, recovering from the shock of her sister's anger. "At any rate, he hasn't popped," she said to herself, as she made her way back to the school.

After that Miss Prettyman and Miss Crawley were closeted together for about an hour. What passed between them need not be repeated here word for word; but it may be understood that Miss Prettyman said no more than she ought to have said, and that Grace understood all that she ought to have understood.

"No man ever behaved with more considerate friendship, or more like a gentleman," said Miss Prettyman.

"I am sure he is very good, and I am so glad he did not ask to see me," said Grace. Then Grace went away, and Miss Prettyman sat awhile in thought, considering what she had done, not without some stings of conscience.

Major Grantly, as he walked home, was not altogether satisfied with himself, though he gave himself credit for some diplomacy which I do not think he deserved. He felt that Miss Prettyman and the

world in general, should the world in general ever hear anything about it, would give him credit for having behaved well; and that he had obtained this credit without committing himself to the necessity of marrying the daughter of a thief, should things turn out badly in regard to the father. But,—and this but robbed him of all the pleasure which comes from real success,—but he had not treated Grace Crawley with the perfect generosity which love owes, and he was in some degree ashamed of himself. He felt, however, that he might probably have Grace, should he choose to ask for her when this trouble should have passed by. "And I will," he said to himself, as he entered the gate of his own paddock, and saw his child in her perambulator before the nurse. "And I will ask her, sooner or later, let things go as they may." Then he took the perambulator under his own charge for half-an-hour, to the satisfaction of the nurse, of the child, and of himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. CRAWLEY IS TAKEN TO SILVERBRIDGE.

It had become necessary on the Monday morning that Mrs. Crawley should obtain from her husband an undertaking that he would present himself before the magistrates at Silverbridge on the Thursday. She had been made to understand that the magistrates were sinning against the strict rule of the law in not issuing a warrant at once for Mr. Crawley's apprehension; and that they were so sinning at the instance of Mr. Walker,—at whose instance they would have committed almost any sin practicable by a board of English magistrates, so great was their faith in him; and she knew that she was bound to answer her engagement. She had also another task to perform—that, namely, of persuading him to employ an attorney for his defence; and she was prepared with the name of an attorney, one Mr. Mason, also of Silverbridge, who had been recommended to her by Mr. Walker. But when she came to the performance of these two tasks on the Monday morning, she found that she was unable to accomplish either of them. Mr. Crawley first declared that he would have nothing to do with any attorney. As to that he seemed to have made up his mind beforehand, and she saw at once that she had no hope of shaking him. But when she found that he was equally obstinate in the other matter, and that

he declared that he would not go before the magistrates unless he were made to do so,—unless the policemen came and fetched him, then she almost sank beneath the burden of her troubles, and for a while was disposed to let things go as they would. How could she strive to bear a load that was so manifestly too heavy for her shoulders?

On the Sunday the poor man had exerted himself to get through his Sunday duties, and he had succeeded. He had succeeded so well that his wife had thought that things might yet come right with him, that he would remember, before it was too late, the true history of that unhappy bit of paper, and that he was rising above that half madness which for months past had afflicted him. On the Sunday evening, when he was tired with his work, she thought it best to say nothing to him about the magistrates and the business of Thursday. But on the Monday morning she commenced her task, feeling that she owed it to Mr. Walker to lose no more time. He was very decided in his manners and made her understand that he would employ no lawyer on his own behalf. "Why should I want a lawyer? I have done nothing wrong," he said. Then she tried to make him understand that many who may have done nothing wrong require a lawyer's aid. "And who is to pay him?" he asked. To this she replied, unfortunately, that there would be no need of thinking of that at once. "And I am to get further into debt!" he said. "I am to put myself right before the world by incurring debts which I know I can never pay? When it has been a question of food for the children I have been weak, but I will not be weak in such a matter as this. I will have no lawyer." She did not regard this denial on his part as very material, though she would fain have followed Mr. Walker's advice had she been able; but when, later in the day, he declared that the police should fetch him, then her spirit gave way. Early in the morning he had seemed to assent to the expediency of going into Silverbridge on the Thursday, and it was not till after he had worked himself into a rage about the proposed attorney, that he utterly refused to make the journey. During the whole day, however, his state was such as almost to break his wife's heart. He would do nothing. He would not go to the school, nor even stir beyond the house-door. He would not open a book. He would not eat, nor would he even sit at table or say the accustomed grace when the scanty mid-day meal was placed upon the table. "Nothing is blessed to me," he said, when his wife pressed him to say the words for their child's sake. "Shall I say that I thank God when my heart is thankless? Shall I serve my child by a lie?" Then for hours he sat in the same position, in the old arm-chair,

hanging over the fire speechless, sleepless, thinking ever, as she well knew, of the injustice of the world. She hardly dared to speak to him, so great was the bitterness of his words when he was goaded to reply. At last, late in the evening, feeling that it would be her duty to send in to Mr. Walker early on the following morning, she laid her hand gently on his shoulder and asked him for his promise. "I may tell Mr. Walker that you will be there on Thursday?"

"No," he said, shouting at her. "No. I will have no such message sent." She started back, trembling. Not that she was accustomed to tremble at his ways, or to show that she feared him in his paroxysms, but that his voice had been louder than she had before known it. "I will hold no intercourse with them at Silverbridge in this matter. Do you hear me, Mary?"

"I hear you, Josiah; but I must keep my word to Mr. Walker. I promised that I would send to him."

"Tell him, then, that I will not stir a foot out of this house on Thursday, of my own accord. On Thursday I shall be here; and here I will remain all day,—unless they take me hence by force."

"But, Josiah ——"

"Will you obey me, or I shall walk into Silverbridge myself and tell the man that I will not come to him." Then he arose from his chair and stretched forth his hand to his hat as though he were going forth immediately, on his way to Silverbridge. The night was now pitch dark, and the rain was falling, and abroad he would encounter all the severity of the pitiless winter. Still it might have been better that he should have gone. The exercise and the fresh air, even the wet and the mud, would have served to bring back his mind to reason. But his wife thought of the misery of the journey, of his scanty clothing, of his worn boots, of the need there was to preserve the raiment which he wore; and she remembered that he was fasting,—that he had eaten nothing since the morning, and that he was not fit to be alone. She stopped him, therefore, before he could reach the door.

"Your bidding shall be done," she said,—"of course."

"Tell them, then, that they must seek me here if they want me."

"But, Josiah, think of the parish,—of the people who respect you,—for their sakes let it not be said that you were taken away by policemen."

"Was St. Paul not bound in prison? Did he think of what the people might see?"

"If it were necessary, I would encourage you to bear it without a murmur."

"It is necessary, whether you murmur, or do not murmur. Murmur, indeed! Why does not your voice ascend to heaven with one loud wail against the cruelty of man?" Then he went forth from the room into an empty chamber on the other side of the passage; and his wife, when she followed him there after a few minutes, found him on his knees, with his forehead against the floor, and with his hands clutching at the scanty hairs of his head. Often before had she seen him so, on the same spot, half grovelling, half prostrate in prayer, reviling in his agony all things around him,—nay, nearly all things above him,—and yet striving to reconcile himself to his Creator by the humiliation of confession.

It might be better with him now, if only he could bring himself to some softness of heart. Softly she closed the door, and placing the candle on the mantel-shelf, softly she knelt beside him, and softly touched his hand with hers. He did not stir nor utter a word, but seemed to clutch at his thin locks more violently than before. Then she kneeling there, aloud, but with low voice, with her thin hands clasped, uttered a prayer in which she asked her God to remove from her husband the bitterness of that hour. He listened till she had finished, and then he rose slowly to his feet. "It is in vain," said he. "It is all in vain. It is all in vain." Then he returned back to the parlour, and seating himself again in the arm-chair, remained there without speaking till past midnight. At last, when she told him that she herself was very cold, and reminded him that for the last hour there had been no fire, still speechless, he went up with her to their bed.

Early on the following morning she contrived to let him know that she was about to send a neighbour's son over with a note to Mr. Walker, fearing to urge him further to change his mind; but hoping that he might express his purpose of doing so when he heard that the letter was to be sent; but he took no notice whatever of her words. At this moment he was reading Greek with his daughter, or rather rebuking her because she could not be induced to read Greek.

"Oh, papa," the poor girl said, "don't scold me now. I am so unhappy because of all this."

"And am not I unhappy?" he said, as he closed the book. "My God, what have I done against thee, that my lines should be cast in such terrible places?"

The letter was sent to Mr. Walker. "He knows himself to be innocent," said the poor wife, writing what best excuse she knew how to make, "and thinks that he should take no step himself in such a

matter. He will not employ a lawyer, and he says that he should prefer that he should be sent for, if the law requires his presence at Silverbridge on Thursday." All this she wrote, as though she felt that she ought to employ a high tone in defending her husband's purpose; but she broke down altogether in the few words of the postscript. "Indeed, indeed I have done what I could!" Mr. Walker understood it all, both the high tone and the subsequent fall.

On the Thursday morning, at about ten o'clock, a fly stopped at the gate of the Hogglestock Parsonage, and out of it there came two men. One was dressed in ordinary black clothes, and seemed from his bearing to be a respectable man of the middle class of life. He was, however, the superintendent of police for the Silverbridge district. The other man was a policeman, pure and simple, with the helmet-looking hat which has lately become common, and all the ordinary half-military and wholly disagreeable outward adjuncts of the profession. "Wilkins," said the superintendent, "likely enough I shall want you, for they tell me the gent is uncommon strange. But if I don't call you when I come out, just open the door like a servant, and mount up on the box when we're in. And don't speak nor say nothing." Then the senior policeman entered the house.

He found Mrs. Crawley sitting in the parlour with her bonnet and shawl on, and Mr. Crawley in the arm-chair, leaning over the fire. "I suppose we had better go with you," said Mrs. Crawley directly the door was opened; for of course she had seen the arrival of the fly from the window.

"The gentleman had better come with us if he'll be so kind," said Thompson. "I've brought a close carriage for him."

"But I may go with him?" said the wife, with frightened voice. "I may accompany my husband. He is not well, sir, and wants assistance."

Thompson thought about it for a moment before he spoke. There was room in the fly for only two, or if for three, still he knew his place better than to thrust himself inside together with his prisoner and his prisoner's wife. He had been specially asked by Mr. Walker to be very civil. Only one could sit on the box with the driver, and if the request was conceded the poor policeman must walk back. The walk, however, would not kill the policeman. "All right, ma'am," said Thompson;—"that is, if the gentleman will just pass his word not to get out till I ask him."

"He will not! He will not!" said Mrs. Crawley.

"I will pass my word for nothing," said Mr. Crawley.

Upon hearing this, Thompson assumed a very long face, and shook his head as he turned his eyes first towards the husband and then towards the wife, and shrugged his shoulders, and compressing his lips, blew out his breath, as though in this way he might blow off some of the mingled sorrow and indignation with which the gentleman's words afflicted him.

Mrs. Crawley rose and came close to him. "You may take my word for it, he will not stir. You may indeed. He thinks it incumbent on him not to give any undertaking himself, because he feels himself to be so harshly used."

"I don't know about harshness," said Thompson, brindling up. "A close carriage brought, and ——"

"I will walk. If I am made to go, I will walk," shouted Mr. Crawley.

"I did not allude to you,—or to Mr. Walker," said the poor wife. "I know you have been most kind. I meant the harshness of the circumstances. Of course he is innocent, and you must feel for him."

"Yes, I feel for him, and for you too, ma'am."

"That is all I meant. He knows his own innocence, and therefore he is unwilling to give way in anything."

"Of course he knows hisself, that's certain. But he'd better come in the carriage, if only because of the dirt and slush."

"He will go in the carriage; and I will go with him. There will be room there for you, sir."

Thompson looked up at the rain, and told himself that it was very cold. Then he remembered Mr. Walker's injunction, and bethought himself that Mrs. Crawley, in spite of her poverty, was a lady. He conceived even unconsciously the idea that something was due to her because of her poverty. "I'll go with the driver," said he, "but he'll only give hisself a deal of trouble if he attempts to get out."

"He won't; he won't," said Mrs. Crawley. "And I thank you with all my heart."

"Come along, then," said Thompson.

She went up to her husband, hat in hand, and looking round to see that she was not watched, put the hat on his head, and then lifted him as it were from his chair. He did not refuse to be led, and allowed her to throw round his shoulders the old cloak which was hanging in the passage, and then he passed out, and was the first to seat himself in the Silverbridge fly. His wife followed him, and did not hear the blandishments with which Thompson instructed his myrmidon to

follow through the mud on foot. Slowly they made their way through the lanes, and it was nearly twelve when the fly was driven into the yard of the "George and Vulture" at Silverbridge.

Silverbridge, though it was blessed with a mayor and corporation, and was blessed also with a Member of Parliament all to itself, was not blessed with any court-house. The magistrates were therefore compelled to sit in the big room at the "George and Vulture," in which the county balls were celebrated, and the meeting of the West Barsetshire freemasons was held. That part of the country was, no doubt, very much ashamed of its backwardness in this respect, but as yet nothing had been done to remedy the evil. Thompson and his fly were therefore driven into the yard of the Inn, and Mr. and Mrs. Crawley were ushered by him up into a little bed-chamber close adjoining to the big room in which the magistrates were already assembled. "There's a bit of fire here," said Thompson, "and you can make yourselves a little warm." He himself was shivering with the cold. "When the gents is ready in there, I'll just come and fetch you."

"I may go in with him?" said Mrs. Crawley.

"I'll have a chair for you at the end of the table, just nigh to him," said Thompson. "You can slip into it and say nothing to nobody." Then he left them and went away to the magistrates.

Mr. Crawley had not spoken a word since he had entered the vehicle. Nor had she said much to him, but had sat with him holding his hand in hers. Now he spoke to her,—"Where is it that we are?" he asked.

"At Silverbridge, dearest."

"But what is this chamber? And why are we here?"

"We are to wait here till the magistrates are ready. They are in the next room."

"But this is the Inn?"

"Yes, dear, it is the Inn."

"And I see crowds of people about." There were crowds of people about. There had been men in the yard, and others standing about on the stairs, and the public room was full of men who were curious to see the clergyman who had stolen twenty pounds, and to hear what would be the result of the case before the magistrates. He must be committed; so, at least, said everybody; but then there would be the question of bail. Would the magistrates let him out on bail, and who would be the bailsmen? "Why are the people here?" said Mr. Crawley.

"I suppose it is the custom when the magistrates are sitting," said his wife.

"They have come to see the degradation of a clergyman," said he; —"and they will not be disappointed."

"Nothing can degrade but guilt," said his wife.

"Yes,—misfortune can degrade, and poverty. A man is degraded when the cares of the world press so heavily upon him that he cannot rouse himself. They have come to look at me as though I were a hunted beast."

"It is but their custom always on such days."

"They have not always a clergyman before them as a criminal." Then he was silent for a while, while she was chafing his cold hands. "Would that I were dead, before they had brought me to this! Would that I were dead!"

"Is it not right, dear, that we should all bear what He sends us?"

"Would that I were dead!" he repeated. "The load is too heavy for me to bear, and I would that I were dead!"

The time seemed to be very long before Thompson returned and asked them to accompany him into the big room. When he did so, Mr. Crawley grasped hold of his chair as though he had resolved that he would not go. But his wife whispered a word to him, and he obeyed her. "He will follow me," she said to the policeman. And in that way they went from the small room into the large one. Thompson went first; Mrs. Crawley with her veil down came next; and the wretched man followed his wife, with his eyes fixed upon the ground and his hands clasped together upon his breast. He could at first have seen nothing, and could hardly have known where he was when they placed him in a chair. She, with a better courage, contrived to look round through her veil, and saw that there was a long board or table covered with green cloth, and that six or seven gentlemen were sitting at one end of it, while there seemed to be a crowd standing along the sides and about the room. Her husband was seated at the other end of the table, near the corner, and round the corner,—so that she might be close to him,—her chair had been placed. On the other side of him there was another chair, now empty, intended for any professional gentleman whom he might choose to employ.

There were five magistrates sitting there. Lord Lufton from Framley, was in the chair;—a handsome man, still young, who was very popular in the county. The cheque which had been cashed had borne his signature, and he had consequently expressed his intention of not sitting at the board; but Mr. Walker, desirous of having him there, had overruled him, showing him that the loss was not his loss. The cheque, if stolen, had not been stolen from him. He was not the

prosecutor. "No, by Jove," said Lord Lufton, "if I could quash the whole thing, I'd do it at once!"

"You can't do that, my lord, but you may help us at the board," said Mr. Walker.

Then there was the Hon. George De Courcy, Lord De Courcy's brother, from Castle Courcy. Lord De Courcy did not live in the county, but his brother did so, and endeavoured to maintain the glory of the family by the discretion of his conduct. He was not, perhaps, among the wisest of men, but he did very well as a country magistrate, holding his tongue, keeping his eyes open, and, on such occasions as this, obeying Mr. Walker in all things. Dr. Tempest was also there, the rector of the parish, he being both magistrate and clergyman. There were many in Silverbridge who declared that Dr. Tempest would have done far better to stay away when a brother clergyman was thus to be brought before the bench; but it had been long since Dr. Tempest had cared what was said about him in Silverbridge. He had become so accustomed to the life he led as to like to be disliked, and to be enamoured of unpopularity. So when Mr. Walker had ventured to suggest to him that, perhaps, he might not choose to be there, he had laughed Mr. Walker to scorn. "Of course I shall be there," he said. "I am interested in the case,—very much interested. Of course I shall be there." And had not Lord Lufton been present he would have made himself more conspicuous by taking the chair. Mr. Fothergill was the fourth. Mr. Fothergill was man of business to the Duke of Omnium, who was the great owner of property in and about Silverbridge, and he was the most active magistrate in that part of the county. He was a sharp man, and not at all likely to have any predisposition in favour of a clergyman. The fifth was Dr. Thorne, of Chaldicotes, a gentleman whose name has been already mentioned in these pages. He had been for many years a medical man practising in a little village in the further end of the county; but it had come to be his fate, late in life, to marry a great heiress, with whose money the ancient house and domain of Chaldicotes had been purchased from the Sowerbys. Since then Dr. Thorne had done his duty well as a country gentleman,—not, however, without some little want of smoothness between him and the duke's people.

Chaldicotes lay next to the duke's territory, and the duke had wished to buy Chaldicotes. When Chaldicotes slipped through the duke's fingers and went into the hands of Dr. Thorne,—or of Dr. Thorne's wife,—the duke had been very angry with Mr. Fother-

gill. Hence it had come to pass that there had not always been smoothness between the duke's people and the Chaldicotes people. It was now rumoured that Dr. Thorne intended to stand for the county on the next vacancy, and that did not tend to make things smoother. On the right hand of Lord Lufton sat Lord George and Mr. Fothergill, and beyond Mr. Fothergill sat Mr. Walker, and beyond Mr. Walker sat Mr. Walker's clerk. On the left hand of the chairman were Dr. Tempest and Dr. Thorne, and a little lower down was Mr. Zachary Winthrop, who held the situation of clerk to the magistrates. Many people in Silverbridge said that this was all wrong, as Mr. Winthrop was partner with Mr. Walker, who was always employed before the magistrates if there was any employment going for an attorney. For this, however, Mr. Walker cared very little. He had so much of his own way in Silverbridge, that he was supposed to care nothing for anybody.

There were many other gentlemen in the room, and some who knew Mr. Crawley with more or less intimacy. He, however, took notice of no one, and when one friend, who had really known him well, came up behind and spoke to him gently leaning over his chair, the poor man hardly recognized his friend.

"I'm sure your husband won't forget me," said Mr. Robarts, the clergyman of Framley, as he gave his hand to that lady across the back of Mr. Crawley's chair.

"No, Mr. Robarts, he does not forget you. But you must excuse him if at this moment he is not quite himself. It is a trying situation for a clergyman."

"I can understand all that; but I'll tell you why I have come. I suppose this inquiry will finish the whole affair, and clear up whatever may be the difficulty. But should it not do so, it may be just possible, Mrs. Crawley, that something may be said about bail. I don't understand much about it, and I daresay you do not either; but if there should be anything of that sort, let Mr. Crawley name me. A brother clergyman will be best, and I'll have some other gentleman with me." Then he left her, not waiting for any answer.

At the same time there was a conversation going on between Mr. Walker and another attorney standing behind him, Mr. Mason. "I'll go to him," said Walker, "and try to arrange it." So Mr. Walker seated himself in the empty chair beside Mr. Crawley, and endeavoured to explain to the wretched man, that he would do well to allow Mr. Mason to assist him. Mr. Crawley seemed to listen to all that was said, and then turned upon the speaker sharply: "I

will have no one to assist me," he said so loudly that every one in the room heard the words. "I am innocent. Why should I want assistance? Nor have I money to pay for it." Mr. Mason made a quick movement forward, intending to explain that that consideration need offer no impediment, but was stopped by further speech from Mr. Crawley. "I will have no one to help me," said he, standing upright, and for the first time removing his hat from his head. "Go on, and do what it is you have to do." After that he did not sit down till the proceedings were nearly over, though he was invited more than once by Lord Lufton to do so.

We need not go through all the evidence that was brought to bear upon the question. It was proved that money for the cheque was paid to Mr. Crawley's messenger, and that this money was given to Mr. Crawley. When there occurred some little delay in the chain of evidence necessary to show that Mr. Crawley had signed and sent the cheque and got the money, he became impatient. "Why do you trouble the man?" he said. "I had the cheque, and I sent him; I got the money. Has any one denied it, that you should strive to drive a poor man like that beyond his wits?" Then Mr. Soames and the manager of the bank showed what inquiry had been made as soon as the cheque came back from the London bank; how at first they had both thought that Mr. Crawley could of course explain the matter, and how he had explained it by a statement which was manifestly untrue. Then there was evidence to prove that the cheque could not have been paid to him by Mr. Soames, and as this was given, Mr. Crawley shook his head and again became impatient. "I erred in that," he exclaimed. "Of course I erred. In my haste I thought it was so, and in my haste I said so. I am not good at reckoning money and remembering sums; but I saw that I had been wrong when my error was shown to me, and I acknowledged at once that I had been wrong."

Up to this point he had behaved not only with so much spirit, but with so much reason, that his wife began to hope that the importance of the occasion had brought back the clearness of his mind, and that he would, even now, be able to place himself right as the inquiry went on. Then it was explained that Mr. Crawley had stated that the cheque had been given to him by Dean Arabin, as soon as it was shown that it could not have been given to him by Mr. Soames. In reference to this, Mr. Walker was obliged to explain that application had been made to the dean, who was abroad, and that the dean had stated that he had given fifty pounds to his friend. Mr. Walker explained also

that the very notes of which this fifty pounds had consisted had been traced back to Mr. Crawley, and that they had had no connection with the cheque or with the money which had been given for the cheque at the bank.

Mr. Soames stated that he had lost the cheque with a pocket-book; that he had certainly lost it on the day on which he had called on Mr. Crawley at Hogglestock; and that he missed his pocket-book on his journey back from Hogglestock to Barchester. At the moment of missing it he remembered that he had taken the book out from his pocket in Mr. Crawley's room, and, at that moment, he had not doubted but that he had left it in Mr. Crawley's house. He had written and sent to Mr. Crawley to inquire, but had been assured that nothing had been found. There had been no other property of value in the pocket-book,—nothing but a few visiting cards and a memorandum, and he had therefore stopped the cheque at the London bank, and thought no more about it.

Mr. Crawley was then asked to explain in what way he came possessed of the cheque. The question was first put by Lord Lufton; but it soon fell into Mr. Walker's hands, who certainly asked it with all the kindness with which such an inquiry could be made. Could Mr. Crawley at all remember by what means that bit of paper had come into his possession, or how long he had had it? He answered the last question first. "It had been with him for months." And why had he kept it? He looked round the room sternly, almost savagely, before he answered, fixing his eyes for a moment upon almost every face around him as he did so. Then he spoke. "I was driven by shame to keep it,—and then by shame to use it." That this statement was true, no one in the room doubted.

And then the other question was pressed upon him; and he lifted up his hands, and raised his voice, and swore by the Saviour in whom he trusted, that he knew not from whence the money had come to him. Why then had he said that it had come from the dean? He had thought so. The dean had given him money, covered up, in an enclosure, "so that the touch of the coin might not add to my disgrace in taking his alms," said the wretched man, thus speaking openly and freely in his agony of the shame which he had striven so persistently to hide. He had not seen the dean's monies as they had been given, and he had thought that the cheque had been with them. Beyond that he could tell them nothing.

Then there was a conference between the magistrates and Mr. Walker, in which Mr. Walker submitted that the magistrates had no alternative

but to commit the gentleman. To this Lord Lufton demurred, and with him Dr. Thorne.

"I believe, as I am sitting here," said Lord Lufton, "that he has told the truth, and that he does not know any more than I do from whence the cheque came."

"I am quite sure he does not," said Dr. Thorne.

Lord George remarked that it was the "queerest go he had ever come across." Dr. Tempest merely shook his head. Mr. Fothergill pointed out that even supposing the gentleman's statement to be true, it by no means went towards establishing the gentleman's innocence. The cheque had been traced to the gentleman's hands, and the gentleman was bound to show how it had come into his possession. Even supposing that the gentleman had found the cheque in his house, which was likely enough, he was not thereby justified in changing it, and applying the proceeds to his own purposes. Mr. Walker told them that Mr. Fothergill was right, and that the only excuse to be made for Mr. Crawley was that he was out of his senses.

"I don't see it," said Lord Lufton. "I might have a lot of paper money by me, and not know from Adam where I got it."

"But you would have to show where you got it, my lord, when inquiry was made," said Mr. Fothergill.

Lord Lufton, who was not particularly fond of Mr. Fothergill, and was very unwilling to be instructed by him in any of the duties of a magistrate, turned his back at once upon the duke's agent; but within three minutes afterwards he had submitted to the same instructions from Mr. Walker.

Mr. Crawley had again seated himself, and during this period of the affair was leaning over the table with his face buried on his arms. Mrs. Crawley sat by his side, utterly impotent as to any assistance, just touching him with her hand, and waiting behind her veil till she should be made to understand what was the decision of the magistrates. This was at last communicated to her,—and to him,—in a whisper by Mr. Walker. Mr. Crawley must understand that he was committed to take his trial at Barchester, at the next assizes, which would be held in April, but that bail would be taken;—his own bail in five hundred pounds, and that of two others in two hundred and fifty pounds each. And Mr. Walker explained further that he and the bailmen were ready, and that the bail-bond was prepared. The bailmen were to be the Rev. Mr. Robarts, and Major Grantly. In five minutes the bond was signed and Mr. Crawley was at liberty to go away, a free man,—till the Barchester Assizes should come round in April.

Of all that was going on at this time Mr. Crawley knew little or nothing, and Mrs. Crawley did not know much. She did say a word of thanks to Mr. Robarts, and begged that the same might be said to—the other gentleman. If she had heard the major's name she did not remember it. Then they were led out back into the bed-room, where Mrs. Walker was found, anxious to do something, if she only knew what, to comfort the wretched husband and the wretched wife. But what comfort or consolation could there be within their reach? There was tea made ready for them, and sandwiches cut from the Inn larder. And there was sherry in the Inn decanter. But no such comfort as that was possible for either of them.

They were taken home again in the fly, returning without the escort of Mr. Thompson, and as they went some few words were spoken by Mrs. Crawley. "Josiah," she said, "there will be a way out of this, even yet, if you will only hold up your head and trust."

"There is a way out of it," he said. "There is a way. There is but one way." When he had so spoken she said no more, but resolved that her eye should never be off him, no,—not for a moment. Then, when she had gotten him once more into that front parlour, she threw her arms round him and kissed him.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS.

1.

Twenty-Nine Illustrations, by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. Designed for the CORNHILL MAGAZINE. With EXTRACTS descriptive of each PICTURE. Imperial 4to, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

2.

Twenty-Five Illustrations, by FREDERICK LEIGHTON, A.R.A. Designed for the CORNHILL MAGAZINE. With EXTRACTS descriptive of each PICTURE. Imperial 4to, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

3.

Twenty-Seven Illustrations, by FREDERICK WALKER. Designed for the CORNHILL MAGAZINE. With EXTRACTS descriptive of each PICTURE. Imperial 4to, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

4.

Bird's-Eye Views of Society. Sixteen ENGRAVINGS in Outline, designed and drawn by RICHARD DOYLE. With Descriptive Letterpress. Oblong Folio. Half-bound. 15*s.*

5.

London People, Sketched from Life. By CHARLES BENNETT. With Numerous Illustrations. Fcap. 4to. Elegantly bound. 7*s.* 6*d.*

6.

Egypt, Nubia, and Ethiopia. Illustrated by One Hundred Stereoscopic Photographs, with Descriptions and Numerous WOOD ENGRAVINGS. By JOSEPH BONOMI, F.R.S.L. And Notes by SAMUEL SHARPE. Small 4to. Elegantly bound. 3*l.* 3*s.*

7.

The Lake Country. By E. LYNN LINTON. Illustrated by W. J. LINTON. Printed on Tinted Paper, by Messrs. CLAY & CO., and richly bound in cloth. 1*l.* 1*s.*

8.

The Cornhill Gallery. Containing One Hundred Engravings by Messrs. F. LEIGHTON, A.R.A., J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., G. DU MAURIER, J. NOEL PATON, R.A.S., F. SANDYS, G. A. SALA, W. M. THACKERAY, and F. WALKER. Imperial 4to. Elegantly bound in cloth. 1*l.* 1*s.*

9.

The New Forest; Its History and Scenery. By JOHN R. WISE. With Sixty-two Views and other Illustrations by WALTER CRANE. A New Map of the Forest, and Geological Sections. Small 4to. Printed by Messrs. CLAY & CO., on Tinted Paper, and elegantly bound in cloth. 1*l.* 1*s.*

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLES.

WITH BALLS, CUES, MACE, RULES, CHALKS, &c., COMPLETE, FROM £7.

All with Slate Bed, India-rubber Cushions, Adjusting Legs, and on the most Approved Models of Full-sized Tables.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES OF BILLIARDS, BAGATELLE, PARLOUR GAMES, AND ARTICLES FOR PRESENTATION, POST FREE.

ASSER AND SHERWIN,

81, STRAND, W.C. & 69, OXFORD STREET, W. LONDON.